UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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The Vague Way with Truth

By M. C. OTTO

America—From East to West

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Glass Houses and Throwing Stones

By HELEN R. MARTIN

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part VI—Chapter XXXIII

By M. K. GANDHI

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CIII. MONDAY, JULY 29, 1929 NUMBER 20

THE DUTY OF PEACEMAKERS IN UNJUST WARS

"What ought one to do when the Government blunders into a needless and therefore a wicked war? Of course he ought to do his utmost in advance to prevent such a war. But what should he do when once the declaration of war has been made? Should he still protest? Should he go so far as to embarrass his government? Should he refuse to fight or raise money, and actually run the risk of his own nation's defeat? The United States owes the success of its War of Independence to the fact that a considerable group of Englishmen actually did thus oppose their government, made the war unpopular, and helped to bring it to an end. A courageous minority here also opposed the Mexican War. How could we ever veto the foolish action of a government if its leaders knew that they could depend on everyone to support them in carrying out a course of injustice? I have discovered no doctrine of political sovereignty that can override a man's character or force him to be false to himself. The world has slowly found out that it is audacity on the part of the State to force its will upon the citizen. The king, the majority, the court, whoever has claimed this kind of sovereignty, has so often proved to be wrong and the lonely individual or minority has so often been right, that the modern State dares not, except in a mania of excitement, to persecute its citizens for differences of opinion. The governments which in the late war imprisoned or put to death their 'conscientious objectors' are already seen to have made a disgraceful record, and by showing fear of open discussion to have demonstrated the weakness of their cause."

—*Charles F. Dole,* in "My Eighty Years."

We hate to confess it, but the truth is we are getting optimistic about this business of peace. It looks to us as though the world—at least, the western world—were turning a corner, slowly, painfully, and yet surely. What are the reasons for our optimism? *First and foremost, of course, the Briand-Kellogg Treaty!* This has raised a new standard, to which the nations of the earth may repair. It has laid "how firm a foundation," on which may be reared the fair edifice of world-peace. It has established a new order, in which all things may be adjusted in terms of amity instead of enmity. *Secondly, the Young Plan for the payment of reparations!* Bad as this is in many ways, it yet relieves Germany of further financial and military control, begins the great work of breaking down the Versailles Treaty, and by its own essential unworkableness brings so much nearer the day when the board will at last be swept clean of reparations, debts, and the whole vile superstition of German guilt. *Thirdly, the economic and political recognition of Soviet Russia, now everywhere so far advanced!* The days of Russian isolation are over, and so also the days of Russian menace to world peace. *Last but by no means least, the happy conjunction of Hoover and MacDonald in supreme control of the foreign policy respectively of America and England!* These men are going to do something about disarmament, the most difficult and at the same time the one most crucial problem of international goodwill now before the world. Like the key-log in a log jam, this question has only to be removed from the tangle of the peace problem, for the whole array of questions to sweep on to triumphant solution. And the American President and the English Premier are going to do this thing! So we are optimistic, in spite of dark prospects like Mussolini, the Balkans, European minorities, and the whole untouched iniquity of foreign imperialism.

Must we have another struggle over the recognition of a foreign government? The Russian recognition problem, happily, will soon be solved in this country as well as in England. Only the other day President Hoover gave unmistakable indication of the fact that he is all through with the silly and timid policy of Hughes and Kellogg toward the Soviets. The State Department personnel is of course as intransigent as ever, and there was a terrible fluttering in the official dove-cote when the President's sensible and straightforward word came along. But Mr. Hoover is running his administration, we may be sure of that, and the time is therefore not far distant when Russia will be granted recognition. The Bolshevik ambassadors to Washington and London may well leave Moscow together! But now, just when this question is being solved after years of prejudice and fear, another fight of the same kind is being threatened against the Papal State. The recent agreement between Mussolini and the Pope, as we all know, has restored temporal power to the Papacy, and thus given the Vatican once again the status of political sovereignty. This means that the Pope is a political ruler, like any king or president, and, upon the recognition given and received, can send and receive ambassadors. Already Benedict has taken the first steps toward recognition by the American gov-

ernment—and already the Protestants of this country are bestirring themselves, and declaring that we must never have any dealings with the Papacy. Such an attitude is as stupid in this case as in the case of Soviet Russia. For recognition implies no acceptance of the principles and policies of the government recognized. The United States does not commit itself to Catholicism in recognizing the Vatican, or to Communism in recognizing Moscow, any more than it commits itself to Mohammedanism or to polygamy in recognizing Morocco. Recognition implies simply that a government exists, and that we are ready to discharge the ordinary business involved in such existence. We have shown enough stupidity and intolerance in the case of Russia. Let us not repeat this exhibition with Rome!

President Hoover's announcement that he is to call a national conference on the health and protection of children adds another to the already impressive items of evidence that this administration is destined to mark an epoch in the life of the nation. The problem of children has had no organized official attention on the part of the government since President Roosevelt made history by summoning at the White House the first national conference which ever met for the consideration of this all-important problem. Times have changed since that remote day, and problems with them, so that the question of children is something new again in this age. The President states that his conference, which will not assemble until early next year, will consider "problems of dependent children, regular medical examination, school or public clinics for children, hospitalization, adequate milk supply, community nurses, maternity instruction and nurses, teaching of health in the schools, facilities for playgrounds and recreation, voluntary organization of children, child labor, and scores of allied subjects." Here is a comprehensive program, challenging the best intelligence of the experts who it is announced will comprise the gathering. The fact that preparations are in charge of Secretary Wilbur, one of the real statesmen of the cabinet, gives assurance that nothing will be left undone to insure results. It is a thrilling experience just to contemplate the promise of this event. We are inclined to feel that it involves a greater possibility of getting at the heart of the crime problem than anything that can be done by the President's Crime Commission. When we undertake the proper care of child life, we are laying the axe at the root of the tree.

It would be interesting if the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill produced a genuine revival of the progressive movement in politics. Progressivism has been pretty dead in recent years. There has been no concrete issue around which to organize—no wide-spread discontent to stir revolt. But here in this tariff abomination, the most bare-faced steal ever yet perpetrated in the sacred name of protection, is perhaps the spark which will light the flame. In the Senate is a compact little group of able and devoted men—Norris, LaFollette, Wheeler, Brookhart, Howell, Pine, Nye, Frazier, Norbeck, McMaster, Shipstead—who can be counted upon to fire the nation. Added to these is Borah, not an insurgent, but a great and honest man outraged by the tariff iniquity, and resolved to fight it to the last ditch. This is a formidable opposition, capable at any moment of breaking the barriers and leading a movement which might well threaten even so powerful and firmly-entrenched an organization as the Republican Party. What Mr. Hoover will do is of course a decisive element in the whole situation. We should think he would be worried as he looks back and sees what the tariff has done in the past—to Taft, for example, in 1912. Hoover, to be sure, is no Taft; he will make no such mistakes as that peculiarly inept executive! But here is a tariff bill so bad that it will shake the country, if the people once get thoroughly aroused. And here is this progressive group in the Senate all ready to see that the uprising takes place. Personally, we would like nothing better than to see the Republican Party wrecked on this issue, and a first-class progressive movement again under way. But we have too firm a confidence in the essential sanity of Herbert Hoover, to believe that anything of this kind will transpire. We expect to see the President whittle down the tariff bill to the few provisions for farmers' relief with which it began. This will mean a bitter fight with the big business interests which own the Party, but Mr. Hoover is not afraid.

If anyone wants to have sure evidence that the South is thirty, forty, fifty years behind the North in this country, in the matter of civilized development, one has it now in abundance in the industrial news which has been coming of late from the regions south of Mason and Dixon's line. In the story of the Tennessee textile strike, the more recent story of the Gastonia (Ga.) outrages, and now the amazing tale of the New Orleans street-car war, we have just such stories as used to fill our newspapers in the North a quarter of a century and more ago. The New Orleans despatches, for example, read for all the world like the despatches that came from Brooklyn in the terrible days of the great strike of the motormen and conductors of that city. Tennessee awakened echoes of Lawrence and Lowell, Massachusetts. Gastonia seemed to suggest Homestead, Pennsylvania. The fact is—as these disturbances accurately testify—the South is just now well started upon that era of industrialization which came in the North a half-century ago. And apparently the capitalists of the South, learning no more from history than the Bourbons of old France, are

determined to live over again all that experience of battle between employers and employees—strikes and lockouts, violence and bloodshed, injunctions, police, and militia—which the North lived through, and now has left behind forever. For it is almost impossible to conceive that the great industrial centers of New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts will ever have to endure again such outbreaks as seem now to be sweeping the South like an epidemic. Northern industrialists have discovered that strikes and lockouts do not pay—that union recognition, short hours, high wages, etc., are conditions as profitable to employer as to employee—above all, that there is a better way of settling disputes than that of fighting about them. But the South apparently knows nothing of all this, and must learn its own lesson by going through the horror and futility of its own labor wars. "What fools these mortals be!"

The American Civil Liberties Union has issued its annual report for the year 1928-29. It is from one point of view a disheartening document, for it shows that violations of civil liberty are not only still with us, but in this last year have increased alarmingly.

The record for 1928, says the report, shows more meetings broken up by the police, more arrests under local laws in free speech cases, more injunctions, than in any year since 1921. Thus, in 1928 there were 418 prosecutions, as compared with 46 in 1927 and 52 in 1926; and there were 53 meetings broken up, as compared with 14 last year and 28 the year before. "The total number of cases of all sorts," says the report, "was 483, as against 99 in 1927." Progress back to freedom has evidently been stopped—we are in an era of persecution once again! But there is another point of view which gives occasion for good cheer. "In presenting so gloomy a picture," says the report, "we should say that wherever a strong fight is put up, the chances of gaining the rights sought are better than in recent years." Best of all is the assurance that here is an organization ceaselessly on the watch for oppression and lawlessness at the hands of government, and ready on the instant to put up "a strong fight" wherever freedom is menaced. The Union is like a fire company—equipped and ready to rush instantly to any scene where the fires of violence and persecution have broken loose. It has no weapon but the law, no appeal but to justice, no resources but the trained skill and selfless devotion of idealists who will not see "our ancient liberties" defied and outraged without a fight. Touching is it to read in page after page of this report of the humble, obscure, often rash and reckless individuals to whom the Union has come instantly with relief when danger threatened. What a man thinks the Union does not care—the victim in question may be a Ku Kluxer or a Communist, a birth controller beset by a Catholic, or a Catholic beset by an anti-papist. It simply believes that, under the Constitution, every man has a right to "say his say," and it proposes to safeguard this right at any cost. This battle, says the report, "is in the interest of freedom of agitation for any and all causes, any and all minorities. . . . In a society of conflicting classes and interests, it is inevitably a ceaseless but significant struggle."

The Vague Way with Truth

Thomas à Kempis, in an arresting sentence of his "Imitation of Christ," says, "I had rather *feel* compunction, than know the definition thereof." He happens to be arguing that religion is a living experience, not a logical proposition. "Surely," he declares, "great words do not make a man holy and just, but a virtuous life maketh him dear to God." And again: "If thou knowest the whole Bible by heart, and the saying of all the philosophers, what would it profit thee without the love of God and without grace?"

It is a theme to which he reverts again and again. In his view it is knowledge by acquaintance we should seek. Knowledge by definition is unimportant; it is one of those things "for ignorance of which," to use his words, "we shall not be reproved at the day of judgment." Nevertheless what is he busy with throughout the 114 chapters of his book? To what end does he argue and quote and plead? Is it not that he may set forth or describe what true religion is?

This attitude towards the articulation of religion in intellectual terms is typical of many who may be considered authorities. They have made it almost a common-place that the intellectual approach to religious verities is hopeless, yet they have continued to engage in the undertaking. In one way or another they have given the account of religious truth which Emerson gives of the Oversoul: "I dare not speak for it. My words do not carry its august sense; they fall short and cold." Have they then remained silent? By no means. They have straightway ventured upon the impossible. They have continued, as Emerson continues: "Yet I desire, even by profane words, if I may not use sacred . . . to report what hints I have collected."

To report what hints I have collected—can anyone do more in the end about anything? Is not even the best method of investigation a leaky dipper and the most rigorous logic an imperfect neutralizer of subjective bias? There have been ages when men were justified in believing that intellectual processes or

ingenious experiments were capable of penetrating to ultimate truth. But things which a man, a race, a science, can believe when young may pass the bounds of belief with the coming of maturity. We have reached this maturity with respect to knowing. The utmost that can now be claimed is that we are collecting and correlating hints about the cosmos and about the career of humanity within it.

There are, however, two ways of understanding this conclusion. The word hints may suggest limitation, or it may suggest haziness. It may mean that what we know, clear and dependable so far as it goes, only slightly spots our ignorance, or it may mean that all knowledge must, in the nature of the case, be vague allusion. And it is important that these two meanings be kept distinct. For while there can be little dispute about the truth of the former, the truth of the latter is not only open to question, but may be flatly denied. One can only maintain such a position by defining knowledge in a way which makes the position inevitable.

It is especially in the so-called realm of the spirit that we need to be on guard against this confusion. When thinking of art, and even more of religion, many sincere and able persons are apt to assume that since we cannot know everything, can indeed know very little, we can never be clearly sure about anything. This in itself might not be very serious, but it becomes the source of a really fatal error. By a very natural, though quite unjustifiable, twist of thought they come subconsciously to the conclusion that if men can never be clearly sure about anything, then anything they cannot be clear about they may be sure of.

The problem has been pushed to the front once more by Maude Royden's recent publication of her belief in God. Miss Royden is a transparently sincere person and is as conspicuously able. She is richly informed and experienced. Her mind is keen and her knowledge mellow. Nor is there any trace of narrowness in her attitude, either intellectual or emotional. She is just the person, one would suppose, to lead her readers to a new spiritual frontier. And she does see religion and life from a new altitude. A fresh breeze from the scientific quarter blows on the plateau where she feels most at home and the atmosphere is unmistakably suggestive of generous human sympathy.

Yet in the book, "I Believe in God," the reader is offered the ancient "truths" of Christianity with a startling assurance of their validity. Miss Royden goes so far as to claim that under contemporary conditions it is insolent to refuse to be a fellow-worker with God. And the quality of her whole argument is on a plane with her demonstration of the existence of this God. It is the hoary argument based on order and design in nature. Science, she contends, has shown us an order in the universe which is far more sublime, more harmonious, than any the past could have perceived.

> The astronomer at one end, the physicist and chemist at the other, have revealed this order prevailing in the infinitely great and the infinitesimally small.

And this makes it impossible for her to believe "that the universal frame of things can be without a Mind."

Over a century ago Immanuel Kant pointed out the inadequacy of this demonstration. It proves at best the operation at some time of all the causes necessary to account for what we find existing. This leaves us still a long distance from some ultimate being which may with any strictness be referred to as "a Mind." But since Kant's time, and especially during the last decade, our whole conception of law, as applied to the physical universe, has profoundly changed. A law of nature is so clearly seen to be a human creation, man's more or less accurate, statistical way of introducing order into the phenomena of experience, that the argument is not so much inconclusive as meaningless. And what of the philosophy of relativity? What does that do to the very concept of "a Mind" behind or within the universe of things? This is a question that has not had time to come home to us, for the new theory of the physical world has overtaken us with great rapidity. But who can fail to see, if he faces the issue, that in terms of this new conception the classical arguments for God's existence are no longer applicable?

Now a writer of Miss Royden's intellectual power would not ignore these more devastating objections to her faith, were she not blinded by the general haze in which she is willing to enshroud the subject. It all *sounds* very appealing.

> We cannot understand or explain all, for we have not the means. What we do understand is so beautiful, so lawful, so significant, that we cannot refrain from the belief that behind all this there is surely a God.

This is how she saves herself when facing such mysteries, from her point of view, as suffering, wickedness, etc. In the same manner, speaking of the Mind behind the universe, she says:

> This mind I call God. What do you call it? The First Cause? The Source of Being? The First Principle? Why use such long words? They all mean the same thing.

Well, they may be *taken* to mean the same thing. But they do not *mean* the same thing. And the hope of intellectual progress lies in keeping distinct meanings distinct. In the dark all cats approach the same color, but this does not *make* them of the same color, or prove that cats are better seen in the dark than in the light.

The issue here involved is far-reaching. In all intellectual fields mental processes are thwarted by man's weakness for hazy ideas. Haziness, to be sure, has its own value: The haze of an advancing rain, of Indian Summer, of twilight, even of vague moods and states of mind. But in all these instances the mistiness is enjoyed for what it is, and its power is due to its own quality. It does not hide its character under

false credentials. We do indeed know very little, and it is better that even adults should not be free from all illusions, but nothing is to be gained except harm, from attempting to make ambiguity and vagueness a form of logical demonstration.

M. C. Otto.

America—From East to West

(Editorial Correspondence)

And this Yellowstone Park—one of the wonders of the world. Set aside for the people, as a National Park. The entertainment of visitors is in the hands of a private corporation. It is well done, so far as I can see. The government, of course, is in the shadow, as regulator. I was told that the "help" was all drawn from college students and teachers. Also, that the administration was "particular." Workers around the hotels get $15 a month, with a bonus of $10 a month, if they stay through the season. "Tips" constitute the greatest consideration.

Many are the wonders in the park, probably the greatest "show" of nature on earth that is accessible —geysers, boiling springs, unexcelled fishing spots, snow-capped mountains, canyons—especially the Canyon of the Yellowstone—that rivals an artist's palette in variety of colors, waterfalls by the scores, animals galore and nearly all the time on exhibition, either at the feeding places or along the road. I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of a big bear or two who came up and bowed through the glass of the auto; many elks at a distance. Campers may expect to have their faces rubbed in the night by the cold nose of a friendly bear. There is one rule of etiquette at St. Bear's Court: "He will not hurt you if you do not hurt him." This is commended to the League of Nations.

The name of Roosevelt is common in "these parts." You are told that Roosevelt was "a real cowboy." His name is attached to trails, roads, hills. I was shown in the big inn, at Old Faithful, a bed in which he slept! Nearby is a tree, under which a signboard relates that "President Arthur camped here." Thus, like the "Gentile nations," Americans are beginning to create their sacred places. I have never been able to determine whether those who name spots and erect monuments do it for their own glory and profit or for the glorified. Already, the West is making its calendar of saints, following in the path of the effete East, which in turn follows in the path of an effete Far East. I saw a monument with this inscription: "Gone West—One Time Indian Fighter, in the American Army." I do not find any mention of Indian fighters in the 25th chapter of Matthew describing those who are "on the right hand of the Father" in the day of the great round-up—but times have changed; we are in the age of science, prize-fights, and flapper ethics.

Speaking of saints, one is always reminded when he travels that it is not easy to be a saint. One who can travel from the East to the West, and puts up with everything—especially himself—discovers that men who go into monasteries and climb pillars in the desert to get out of society, have a soft snap alongside of the pilgrim who is every moment dealing with changes of climate, drafts, standing for his turn at the door of an overcrowded dining car, or waiting for the porter to shake down the berth. A clergyman with his white choker has a soft time being good, as compared with fishermen and tentmakers. There will probably be more janitors in heaven that deacons. I have been wondering if the men who settled America from the Yellowstone to the Coast were of world vision equally with the pioneers of Chicago. The question is worth turning over in one's mind. The call to California was the voice of gold; to Idaho, iron and copper; to Washington, lumber and fish. Chicago had nothing worldly to offer but mud and a sluggish stream which now runs south into the Mississippi river.

Speaking of Idaho reminds me of Senator Borah. While waiting for the train at Butte, I said to a truckman, "This is not Mr. Borah's district, is it?" Being a Negro, he was intelligent. "Oh no, this is not Senator Borah's district, this is Senator Wheeler's. Boise is in Senator Borah's district." And I walked away, thinking that there was *something* unusual about the Northwest, with Senators right along in a row, like Frazier of N. Dakota, Wheeler of Montana, Borah of Idaho, Jones and Dill of Washington—five Senators whom the New York papers, the past year, had been talking about more than any other five Senators! It was interesting to learn that while Hoover carried Washington by 150,000, Dill, a Democrat, carried it at the same time by 30,000—and Dill is a Prohibitionist and strong for Peace, and is square in politics.

On coming out of the Park, I had an experience that troubled me. Near me in the observation car was a Japanese. He proved to be a leading director in Japanese banking circles, and was visiting the chief banking circles of America. At Livingston he went East to New York, while I went West to Seattle. He goes on to Europe, for the same purpose. He spoke English well and was, of course, intelligent. We spoke frankly about Japanese-American relations. He pointed out that the West—Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle—was more prejudiced than the East against Japanese. I sought to explain some things, which found root in American slavery of the Negro and economic competition, and other things which I could not explain I apologized for, and suggested the healing power of time as a remedy.

On this problem of color, the West needs praying for, and some very "righteous" men should be busy on their knees. There are, for example, Mr. Johnson of California, and Mr. Johnson of Washington, who need to be prayed for that they may have their eyes opened, like Peter's, and to hear a voice, and learn that, "Of a truth, I perceive, that God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." As an American, steeped in the traditions of democracy, I for one resent this prejudice to Orientals. Besides, it contains dynamite. Some are even talking about exclusion of the Filipinos! I do not know what the nationality of the Johnsons is—sounds Scandinavian, that

part of the world that gave birth to men that are equal to any other men on earth—but may I say that last year in the Connecticut Valley I found some farmers of Yankee and of Irish origin who referred to their neighbors—of Swedish and Polish origin—as being "the scum of the earth." All such brainless talk should make true Americans blush with shame; a sentiment that applies also when we begin to speak of Japanese—a refined, intellectual, civilized race, who are entitled to sit in front seats in the family of mankind.

Of all mankind, the American should shed himself free from prejudice. He is "half-brother" of all the nations! There is decided equality in the Declaration. There is freedom in the Emancipation Proclamation. The founders all the way from Massachusetts to Georgia came to escape oppression, to breathe the air that fostered democracy. Prejudice, in America, has not a single leg to stand on. The American who urges color-line or arouses race "superiority" should be hooted out of the arena of public opinion. What a land is ours, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific! Its high mountains, its wide valleys, its mighty rivers, its oneness, its freedom from tariffs between States—it's perfectly proper to sing, "America, the Beautiful!" America is wonderful! All of which being true, creates an appeal that her men and women should be as big as the mountains, as broad as the continent, worthy of the land they inhabit.

This question has been much with me as I have gone from the Yellowstone by rail, through tunnels, over mountains, bridging rivers, stopping at Butte (where more than 300,000,000 pounds of copper are produced yearly), at Garrison (named from William Lloyd Garrison), at Missoula, at Spokane, Pasco, at Yakima (reminding one of an Indian tribe and delicious apples)—the question: do great men come from where great mountains and lakes abound? Does virtue come from the homes of the rich? What about our land bounded on the East by Plymouth Rock and the West by the Golden Gate? Is the region around Mount Rainier (altitude 14,000 feet) going to produce greater men than the region around Mount Tom (altitude, 1,100 feet)? This is a question worthy of much meditation, "day and night." For, after all, the kind of men produced is the test of civilization. In this age, they must be men of intelligence, of tolerance, of world-vision, of generosity, of modesty. Will someone not write a book on, "Do Big Mountains Make Big Men?"

SYDNEY STRONG.

Glass Houses and Throwing Stones*

When I was invited a few days ago to sit at the speaker's table at a luncheon given by the Women's College and University clubs, to hear an American missionary-doctor, just back from her labors in India, "answer" Katherine Mayo's "Mother India," I anticipated a most diverting hour in seeing the smug, self-righteous attitude of the church-going people of our town towards benighted India (the India of Miss Mayo's book—the only India they seemed to know) put to confusion by an intelligent woman physician who had lived in India twenty-nine years.

I was not disappointed, though the diversion proved to be of an unexpected variety.

My first surprise was in hearing the remarkable change in the missionary-doctor's tone and voice from her normal, matter-of-fact manner of speaking to me during the luncheon to her platform or Sunday-School-superintendent tone when she rose to address the roomful of women; as though the clear water I was drinking suddenly tasted of sweet sticky oil. It gave me a shock; for in speaking to me directly she had seemed entirely sincere, while this tone of self-conscious Christian charity seemed to assume a lack of intelligence in her audience that, seeing they were college and university women, might well affront them.

But this insincerity in her voice, I soon realized, accorded only too well with the confused uncertainties of her divided loyalties; her Christian missionary zeal at odds with her knowledge of India's religions; her passionate love of India and Indians in conflict with her perfunctory American patriotism; her dogmatic belief in English rule clashing with her knowledge of damning and admitted facts; her deep hurt and indignation at the Mayo libel kept under by her need to raise money for her medical school and hospital in India, which (she had evidently found) could only be raised if people were thoroughly convinced of the truth of "Mother India." Her loves and loyalties being all for her genuinely adored India, where she had lived so long and so happily, the practical necessity of convincing generous, wealthy Americans that India was sufficiently corrupt, benighted and helpless to need sorely their "Christian charity," produced the strangest medley of contradictory statements to which I had ever listened. But only a few of her hearers, I am sure, recognized the discreet ingenuity with which she both ate her cake and kept it; for her audience was neither discriminating nor critical. College and University women? A few years out of college, living the social and domestic life of a small and narrowly religious American city, seems enough to make most of them slump hopelessly from the alert mentality of their college days. It is the exceptional woman that can escape the stultifying effect of Main Street's churches, women's clubs, card parties. Therefore, very few of her audience saw any discrepancy in the doctor-missionary's stating at one moment that everything in "Mother India" was true—and at the next, "*I* never saw some of the things Miss Mayo saw—she was there a few weeks, I twenty-nine years." "Yes, there are still child marriages in India—as 'Mother India' describes them—oh, yes!—and of course only Christianity can put an end to this"—and then, "Young India is changing all this; the zeal and enthusiasm of Young India in lifting women from her degradation, in wiping out the caste system, child marriages, the curse upon widows, is marvellous, marvellous! One of the most irresistible, forceful, vital movements in the world today is the onward sweep of Young India in the realization of her high idealism!"

"Of course statistics claim that there are almost as many child marriages in the United States as in India—but I never saw them here as I saw them in India"—and a moment later, "Child marriages are

*It gives us particular pleasure to publish this article by Mrs. Martin, the well-known American novelist. We anticipate other contributions from her pen.—Editor.

being eliminated more and more *by the new forces at work in the Young Indian movement;"*—and again, "without the heartfelt support and cooperation of you American Christians, we cannot wipe out these evils in India as described in 'Mother India'."

About English rule: "England has done much, oh, so much for India!"—and later, "England, we must admit, forced the opium trade upon India against her earnest protests."—"England has established schools and colleges all over India"—"You who are privileged to live in enlightened and Christian America, must help us to give to India, in her darkness and ignorance, the Christian education she so sorely needs." "India—especially Young India—is waking up to the need of education for the lower orders—recognizing the economic fact that so only can a nation or an individual hold any real good securely, when all can hold it equally"—and later, "The people of India are so poor and so heavily taxed that only by your help can we save India by the enlightenment of Christian education."

About Gandhi: "Gandhi is the most outstanding figure in the world today—the man most devoutly consecrated to the service of his fellow-men." And a few sentences later on, "If only Gandhi were a Christian!" "Every day Gandhi reads and ponders over the words of Christ in the New Testament and he feels that Christ was one of the greatest teachers of right living that the world has ever known." And then, "If only Gandhi would accept Christ as his Saviour!"

She told of the wild fury of indignation all over India when the forty-five Hindus who had come to America, been naturalized, secured high positions in colleges, research bureaus, editorial staffs, and then, after some years, when the American government decided that Indians were not white, had their citizenship cancelled. Up to that time India had looked with friendly eyes upon America, but now an outraged cry went up, "If we are unfit to be admitted into your country, you can't come and stay in our country!"—and only the strong arm of England had saved the American missions from being expelled from India.

Questions followed the formal talk, nearly all expressing the bias of the credulous readers of "Mother India," and all of them being answered by the doctor-missionary with cautious discretion. My own questions, though I tried to put them inoffensively, roused indignation in the audience and embarrassed the well-informed and by-no-means stupid doctor-missionary.

"The evils of India, all of which you attribute to her religions," I ventured, "can be matched by equally grave evils in our Christian America, don't you think so? Our lynchings, labor troubles—"

I was interrupted and answered by one of the audience; "Those troubles are all caused by our lower classes and by foreigners!"

The doctor-missionary gently enlightened me: "The difference between our American evils and India's is just that: in India their religions and their highest social classes, the Brahmins, sanction and uphold these evils. In America any evils we have are all against our religion and not sanctioned or perpetrated and practiced by our highest classes."

This met with applause, in the face of which I suggested, "Isn't it our upper classes and the Christian Church that sanction and uphold industrial exploitation and world wars?—and only a generation ago, Negro slavery? And in England child labor in factories, under Christianity, was quite as cruel as child marriages in India. We still have brutal child labor in the South, sanctioned by the Church and the upper classes. It seems to me we can't throw stones at any one."

The lecturer smiled at me sadly, though there was a gleam in her eyes that I thought I understood. She loved hearing that her beloved India was in some respects no worse than this self-complacent America. But this unholy obliquity must on no account be manifested.

She was asked whether the caste system was as bad as "Mother India" described it. Yes, she said, it was. It seemed part of India's very life. You breathed it in the very atmosphere—"

"How do you American missionaries escape anything so atmospheric?" I asked, and before the doctor could answer, a woman near me at the table spoke indignantly, "Why, how could *Christians* have that dreadful caste feeling toward their fellow men?"

I mentioned our feelings towards Negroes, especially among Christian southerners.

"Oh, but that's entirely different!"

The universal opinion among these college and university women was that that was "entirely different."

Some one asked whether, in view of Gandhi's interest in the New Testament and his great spiritual influence in India, there was any hope that he might be persuaded to "accept Christ." The doctor feared there was not.

"But he does accept Christ," I said.

"Only as a Great Teacher," the doctor corrected me.

"But how else could he be accepted?" I asked, looking "dumb" and ready to be enlightened.

"As his Saviour," I was gravely told.

"But how else could a man be a Saviour except as a great spiritual teacher?" I persisted, as though I were as ignorant as any native Indian of the bloody dogma of a Vicarious Atonement.

The doctor, meeting my eye across the table, had not the courage to speak of the brutal sacrifice of an innocent Son to an omnipotent Father to appease his wrath against the creatures he had created—"His blood shed for the remission of sins"—which she knew, of course, is regarded by educated Hindus as a plebeian, indecent and barbarous faith.

She spoke of Gandhi's earnest wish that religious differences in India might be reconciled; but the only hope of that, she assured us, was in the Christianizing of all India. As though there were no "religious differences" in Christendom!

We heard, of course, the inevitable dictum, "India is not yet ready for self-government," for if England's restraining hand were withdrawn, India's warring religious factions would at once involve her in universal bloodshed.

"More universal than the bloodshed of the World War, for which England was somewhat responsible?" I asked as one seeking light.

But the missionary was quite sure that England was, in all benevolence, only helping India to prepare herself for self-government.

I had the temerity to suggest (but to her only,

not to that audience!) that it might be a good thing if some super-nation stepped in and took a hand in stopping *our* "warring factions" in Tennessee, West Virginia, South Carolina, and frequently in Pittsburgh and California; or helped our government to eliminate its corruption and the stranglehold of Big Business on our lives, our homes, our children.

But, some one at the table overhearing me, I was informed that never before had business been on a more honest basis than now; that America had proved how "sound at heart" she was by repudiating Tammany Hall and Roman Catholicism. I wondered if they had never heard of the Teapot Dome scandal, the Paper Trust scandal, the Power Propaganda scandal.

At the end of the revel my sense of despair was not for India, nor for the missionary (whom I suspected of being intelligent in private), but for the solidly impenetrable prejudices and superstitions of religious and patriotic Americans in small cities.

HELEN R. MARTIN.

A Fable of Scholarship*

Once upon a time—that was very long ago, before the invention of universities—throughout all the tribes of mankind there was scarcely to be found such an animal as a scholar. Some few examples of the species Nature in her idle moments occasionally produced, but no one minded them nor did they dare show themselves among the other animals for fear of scorn, being as they were a rather ridiculous kind of creature, utterly unlike the other inhabitants of the jungle and altogether unfitted to undertake the duties of uncivilized life. In some communities of exceptional severity the killing of a man was punishable by a fine of one hundred cocoanuts, but the slayer of a scholar was condoned and sometimes even rewarded with a small bounty. Elsewhere and more commonly the scholar was either exiled to some lonely region or in unusually deserving cases retained as a kind of animated almanac and tribal fool. For there was really no proper place for him in the society of the period.

And, strange as it may appear, human life seemed to be advancing very nicely without him. The anthropoid had been surpassed entirely without the assistance of a professor of evolutionary biology. Man was able to count the days of the week and enumerate his wives and children without benefit of mathematical clergy, and basked in the warm sunshine without consulting an astronomer. And on those rare occasions when he condescended to contemplate for a moment the pale face and sagging shoulders of the scholar he would throw back his bushy head and shake the very acorns from the trees with the ringing peals of his calibanic laughter.

But with the passing of the aeons a change began to steal over the face of humanity. Man's cheek was taking on a sallow and positively civilized hue; he was losing that cave-man complexion. The joy had somehow gone out of killing. There was no longer the old thrill in trampling upon the neck of the fallen foe. Even the wife-beating was losing its kick.

The reason for all this was that man was developing an inferiority complex. Whereas once he had felt no doubt as to his preeminence over the animal creation, now as he contemplated the free, swift flight of the eagle, the generous strength of the behemoth, and the subtlety of the serpent coiled upon his rock, he began to experience excruciating doubts.

The course of the disease advanced until man's self-confidence was threatened with complete collapse. The truth was he had lost his animal instinct and could think of nothing with which to fill the aching void. A series of inter-tribal conferences was held at which thousands were destroyed by the force of logic employed on both sides, but without reaching any satisfactory conclusion. In despair a final meeting was held to which as a last and desperate hope a lonely scholar, the only representative of his species extant at that period, was summoned from his remote abode. Under promise of security from mob violence, he consented to address the assembly. The occasion was unique, the moment opportune; the wily scholar grasped it firmly by the forelock. His revolutionary suggestion in brief was that the sole means of man's regaining his self-esteem lay in the founding of a University from which the lower animals should be rigidly excluded, and dedicated to the establishment of the superiority of the human species. The bill was passed by a bewildered and unresisting legislature. Higher education had been achieved at a single bound and the world made safe for academocracy.

In place of appending a moral to this fable, let me present a few pictures of the typical scholar as he appears in the costume of various historical periods down to our own, plying his high task of vindicating the human species.

I have never had the good fortune to witness a pageant representing the protean transformations from age to age of the scholarship of the western world, but I am certain that such an exhibition would be well worth staging.

Across the earlier scenes would stride the giant figures of the sages of the ancient world, tall, bearded, brooding men, whose talk is of angles and atoms, of comets, eclipses and the possible existence of other worlds. In a succeeding scene we would see eager bands of athletic and inquisitive Athenian youth, in the market-squares, the porticoes of gymnasiums and in other populous places out-of-doors, pursuing the gifted professor of public-speaking who lures them with the promise of imparting the secret of eloquent persuasion, so necessary an entry into the public life of the day. In a corner apart, is a smaller group in close colloquy with a compellingly homely old man who promises to teach them nothing but who invites them to a deeper knowledge of themselves and irresistibly suggests to them the importance of the art of life.

Another scene or two, symbolizing the passing of many centuries and the center of the stage is held by a dour and medieval-looking personage in cap and gown, with a Bible in one hand and Aristotle's Logic in the other, a man plainly skilled in all the subtleties of theological debate and fairly overflowing with syllogisms. He is shown in the act of refuting a heretic. The victory has paled a little to the modern eye but for all that it was in its day a triumph of logical method which

*Address delivered on Honors and Scholarship Day, University of Maine.

cleared of ecclesiasticism and purged of dogmatism did much to establish the foundations of modern critical thought.

What a contrast is the scene that follows: That cavalier-appearing individual in doublet and hose with sword clanking at his side! Can he be a scholar? Observe the small vellum-bound printed book in his left hand. From his expression we judge that the book is not a sermon on the depravity of human nature. He is reading the Odes of Horace. He is an Italian Renaissance scholar of the sort that prides himself upon the elegance of his bearing no less than upon his knowledge of the Greek and Roman poets. He can run you through with a rapier and compose your elegy in faultless Latin verse. And he is not above an interest in the mechanical arts and the processes of nature. In another scene we see him experimenting with falling bodies and peering at Jupiter through the recently invented optic tube. With him the careful experimental study of nature first became reputable in the modern world. From him, too, dates our modern critical mastery of ancient art and letters.

The succeeding centuries witnessed the splitting up of this splendid Renaissance completeness into a great number of separate and sometimes hostile parts. This process might possibly be represented in our pageant by some sort of stage explosion. After the smoke clears away there would stand the fragmentary modern types. To the future historian of scholarship there may perhaps emerge from out the present multiplicity and confusion, in the clear perspective of time, a certain type distinctive of the American scholarship of our day; quite as likely he will refrain from making invidious distinctions. Meanwhile, at any rate, it is for us to recognize the validity of many conflicting claims. Some of those whom we are here to honor today are on their way towards proficiency in the scholarship of the winged word; others in that of the lever and the wedge; still others in the chemistry of soil and the biology of the baby. Their collective interests and accomplishments span an interval that measures the width of the modern world. They could never be accommodated in a single scene of any pageant. But they nevertheless belong essentially together; they stand upon a common platform. One and all they have been forming habits of reflective thinking and analysis, of patient collection and careful interpretation of the relevant facts, and a faculty of discovering essential points of similarity. They have established the legitimacy of their descent from the heroes of scholarship of an older day. Through them is still justified the old claim of scholarship to further and establish the superiority of man.

—*Ronald B. Levinson.*

Trumpets on New Horizons

Reckoning

In blood and bitter tears Time dips his pen
To trace in the accounting book of life
A record of the wrongs men heap on men.
From page to page run tales of shame and strife—
Of children shrunk and hollow-eyed with toil,
And nations ground beneath a tyrant's heel;
Of witless wars that slaughter and despoil;
Of screaming flesh torn on the rack and wheel.

Can this dark debt be paid by glittering pride?
By pinning jewelled cities on the earth?
By shackling sun and wind and swinging tide?
Or will not God's last audit show the worth
Of love—how one kind heart outweighs a power
That conquers worlds, but tramples on a flower.

LORI PETRI.

Woman

All things from woman's labors are—
The hearth, the child, the dream, the dancing star.

All earth is fruit of woman's toil,
She shapes the seed of man in her own soil.

Birth, life and love, and vast Eternity
Are all in her; in her all things may be.

Through her the generations roll.
She is the cause, the urge, the final goal.

She is the fount; and at her call
The race flows on,—the ages rise and fall.

BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF.

Come, Don Quixote!

Oh all the pedants of the world, they laugh at Don Quixote—
They say that charging windmills is a silly way to act;
But I myself am dubious of windmills—and of pedants:
They are each concerned to churn the air, a treadmill-cataract.

They beat the air, and beat the air, in solemn windy circles;
They turn like clockwork sunflowers upon a sapless stalk;
Like evil owls of darkness they brood above the country;
They make fantastic shapes of air and shadows are their talk.

They take the Summer's golden yield and grind it into powder
(Refined till half its wholesome life is cast aside as chaff);
They charge a grievous Shylock's tax for turning grain to poison,
And a pig in marble rampant is each miller's epitaph.

I see the windmills of the world like giants' arms moving:
They brandish fists of shadow that cow poor humble men.
Dull Blundabores of darkness with no little Jack to slay them,
They triumph till the Mad Knight, Don Quixote, comes again.

They triumph till across the world astride of Rosinante
(A foundered nag to millers, but to me a unicorn)
The Knight who dares endure the fate and folly of having wisdom,
Shall ride and sound Niagara for silver bugle-horn.

Then once more those cog-wheel giants shall know the ancient challenge
And feel go through their great bat-wings the poignance of a lance;
And though they strike him down again with brandished fists of shadow,
At least and last a champion has dared their arrogance!

Against our world of windmills come riding Don Quixote!—
Though all the millers of the world hide fright beneath a laugh.
Come riding, come riding, come riding at the windmills—
And though they overthrow you, leave your lance's autograph.

Come riding at the windmills where the merchants and the pedants
And the scribblers grind the grain of Life to money, words, and art;
Come riding to our world of mist, our world of treadmill shadows:
You need no sun in heaven, for the sun is in your heart.

O come to be our banner, and our bugle, and our poet!
O set the bright and morning star within our skies once more!
Come riding, Don Quixote, at our world of clockwork darkness—
As if the dancing sun from heaven should visit Labrador!

E. MERRILL ROOT.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

(Copyrighted, 1929)

PART VI—CHAPTER XXXIII

A Himalayan Miscalculation

Almost immediately after the Ahmedabad meeting I went to Nadiad. It was here that I first used the expression "Himalayan miscalculation" which obtained such a wide currency afterwards. Even at Ahmedabad I had begun to have a dim perception of my mistake. But on reaching Nadiad as I saw the actual state of things there and heard reports about a large number of people from Kheda district having been arrested, it suddenly dawned upon me that I had committed a grave error in calling upon the people in the Kheda district and elsewhere to launch upon civil disobedience prematurely as it now seemed to me. I was then addressing a public meeting. My confession brought down upon me no small amount of ridicule. But I have never regretted having made that confession. For I have always held that it is only when one sees one's own mistakes with a convex lens and does just the reverse in the case of others that one is able to arrive at a just relative estimate of the two. I further believe that a scrupulous and conscientious observance of this rule is necessary for one who wants to be a Satyagrahi.

Let us now see what that Himalayan miscalulation was. Before one can be fit for the practice of civil disobedience one must have rendered a willing and respectful obedience to the state laws. For the most part we obey such laws for fear of the penalty for their breach and this holds good particularly in respect of such laws as do not involve a moral principle. For instance, an honest, respectable man will not suddenly take to stealing irrespective of whether there is a law against stealing or not, but this very man will not feel any remorse for failure to observe the rule about carrying head-lights on bicycles after dark. Indeed, it is doubtful whether he would at once take kindly to advice to be more careful in this respect. But he would observe any obligatory rule of this kind, if only to escape the inconvenience of facing a prosecution for a breach of the rule. Such compliance will not however constitute the willing and spontaneous obedience that is required of a Satyagrahi. A Satyagrahi obeys the laws of society intelligently and of his own free will, because he considers it to be his sacred duty to do so. It is only when a person has thus obeyed the laws of society scrupulously that he is in a position to judge as to which particular rules are good and just and which unjust and iniquitous. Only then does the right accrue to him of civil disobedience of certain laws in well defined circumstances. My error lay in my failure to observe this necessary limitation. I had called upon the people to launch upon civil disobedience before they had thus qualified themselves for it, and this mistake of mine seemed to me to be of a Himalayan magnitude. As soon as I entered the Kheda district all the old recollections of the Kheda Satyagraha struggle came back to me and I wondered how I could have failed to perceive what was so obvious. I realized that before a people could be fit for offering civil disobedience they should thoroughly understand its deeper implications.

But it may be rightly argued; how can a people who are in the habit of frequently evading laws, as most people are, suddenly grasp the significance of civil disobedience or keep themselves within its strict bounds? I admit that it is no easy matter for thousands and hundreds of thousands of people to fulfil the ideal conditions mentioned above. That being so, before re-starting civil disobedience on a mass scale, it would be necessary to create a band of well-tried, pure-hearted volunteers who thoroughly understood the strict conditions of Satyagraha. They could explain these to the people and by sleepless vigilance keep them on to the right path.

With these thoughts filling my mind I reached Bombay, through the Satyagraha Sabha there raised a corps of Satyagrahi volunteers and with their help commenced the work of educating the people with regard to the meaning and inner significance of Satyagraha. This was principally done by issuing leaflets of an educative character bearing on the subject.

But whilst this work was going on I could see that it was a difficult task to interest the people in the peaceful side of Satyagraha. The volunteers too failed to enlist themselves in their numbers. Nor did all those who actually did enlist take anything like a regular systematic training, and as the days passed by the number of fresh recruits began gradually to dwindle instead of growing. I realized that the progress of the training in civil disobedience was not going to be as rapid as I had at first expected. M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by P.*)

Finale

All things reach immortality in me:
The lifeless dust and bursting grain that run
Through life and death in circles never done:
The fatted beast beneath the fruitful tree;
The prisoned ocean throbbing to be free;
Night's death-like darkness and the daily sun;
The toil-bent worker and the man who won
An understanding of what life may be—
No thing has lived in vain, no effort died;
The silent travail of the lifeless earth
That living things and beauty might have birth
Was not for nothing; voices have not cried
For life unanswered through eternity,
For all things have immortal life in me.

LANCASTER POLLARD

One Town

When Jesus came to one town
  Flags flew and bands blared loud;
But no one knew Him, so He vanished
  Through the cheering crowd.

Committees seeking Him turned back
  When coppers, on their beat,
Said He'd be found with fishermen
Or women of the street.

A delegation found the Man
  At last, by sullen search—
And told Him it was time to join
  The Park Road Brethren Church!

EARL B. BROWN.

The Study Table

An Artist Looks at Life

If Art Young were to die tomorrow, we should print a long editorial telling of his greatness as an artist, his loveableness as a man, his devotion as a citizen and publicist to the interests of the poor, the outcast and the downtrodden among his fellowmen. Now comes this book* — and we see no reason why we should postpone our paean of admiration and affection to a time when Art Young will not be present to see and enjoy it. So we set down here not so much a criticism of a book as a tribute to a man!

Some time ago this accomplished artist and friendly man found himself approaching his 60th birthday, and tempted therefore to look back upon the record of his life. The experience moved him to take his pen in hand and jot down from day to day some memories of his career and some observations on the world and the people in it.

> I wrote in the manner of a diarist, (he says) feeling that a daily bit of recollection, opinion, or confession, with occasional comment on an event of the day, was the best way to express my interest in the past, present, and future. I wrote something every day for six months, afterwards adding a few more notes throughout the pages. You might call it a rambling record (not neglecting the criminal record) of one who has journeyed through the years observing political, artistic and other human affairs, while concerned with advanced theories for life's fulfillment as well as the immediate problems that confront all of us—on our way.

The first entry is September 1st and reads:

> As I begin these notes, I am where I ought to be in the summer, at my home among the stone-fenced hills of Connecticut. I will be 60 years of age January next.
>
> Three things are worshipful—the Sun, giver of life; a Human Being who believes something worth while and will die for it if need be, and Art, the recreator of life.
>
> I walked to the village today and noted a gentle rise of my spirits as I watched the butterfles careen through the fields of goldenrod.

Here at the very start we catch the spirit of the man and of his book—a spirit of simplicity, great good humor, kindliness, reverence, and always love of beauty. The diary as it moves on from day to day is utterly unsystematic and sketchy. The author is conscious always and primarily of what he is seeing at that moment of writing, and what this suggests to him in terms of memory on the one hand and of expectation and speculation on the other. Now he is back in his early years telling about his adventures as a boy. Now he is discussing the friends and comrades on life's way, and characterizing them with delightful insight and appreciation. He tells us a good deal about his experience as a young artist learning his trade, and gives us informal but discerning criticisms of the great artists and cartoonists of his time. Always a radical in his social thought, he has much to say about the events of past years and his share in the social agitations of the time. Always a humorist, he reminisces about the great American humorists whom he has seen and known—Eugene Field, Bill Nye, James Whitcomb Riley, M. Quad, Josh Billings, and others. New York, for years his home, is presented in various phases of its unendingly fascinating life. The journalism of New York, in which Art Young has been so impressive a figure, is here disclosed in a thousand vivid flashlights. Central in this whole chapter is the *Masses,* that unforgettable example of free lance journalism, in the thrilling adventure of which Art Young shares the glory with Max Eastman and Floyd Dell. There is no end to the fascination of this book. One dips into it again and again with unfailing interest and delight. One might wish that it were more carefully written, that such a wealth of remembrance were assembled more completely and put together more systematically, but the book just as it stands is an essential expression of the man who indited its pages freely and informally from day to day, and thus has its own great virtue. What we see in the book is everywhere the man we know and love. Over every page of this informal diary is the glow of one of the kindliest, tenderest, most sympathetic, humorous, and wise personalities of our time. Those who do not know Art Young can meet him in this book, and the chance should not be lost.

We have said nothing as yet about the illustrations, but these are of course in many ways the best part of the volume. Art Young writes delightfully, but he draws inspiringly. Here he is a genius—original, distinctive, unutterably and unescapably himself. Not only in style but in content, the Art Young drawings could have been done by no other artist of this age. Underneath the fun lies the heart of a man who is in indignant revolt against a cruel world which robs great masses of helpless human beings of their birthright of happiness, and who gives himself, in ardent love and sympathy, to the service of the great masses who, inarticulate themselves, need another to reveal their lives and depict their woes. Art Young seldom loses his sense of humor—even when he is most savage, he sees the irony and fun. But if he laughs, and makes others laugh, it is only that we may not weep. One picture in this volume is alone different from all the rest. We refer to that triumphant masterpiece opposite page 244 entitled, "The Outcast." Here the fun is completely submerged and lost in the overwhelming sense of the waste and outrage forced upon human life by a world which has no place for those who will not meet its terms of struggle and success. Here we see the utter, unendurable depths of pity which are in Art Young's soul. As Oliver Wendell Holmes never dared to be as funny as he could, so Art Young has never dared to be as cruel and tragic as he could. And perhaps this is just as well! The wrongs of our society cannot be destroyed unless they are laughed at as well as directly attacked. Art Young is the jester, the ironist, the flaming prophet, and always the tender and loving friend. How gracious a soul—and what a noble work he has done in pen and pencil through his many years!

At the close of his book he writes an unforgettable paragraph. It is followed most appropriately by a little sketch showing an open door leading into Art Young's house, and also leading, we believe, into his heart. The sketch is the appropriate symbol of his life, as the words are a perfect statement of his philosophy:

> Judged by that standard of success which most of the American people accept and believe, I would be classed among the failures. Now past sixty, with an obvious talent and reasonably industrious in doing the work I like, yet never in my life very far from bankruptcy. If I should happen to be a money success when I am old—and the years ahead of me

*"On My Way": Being the book of Art Young in Text and Picture. Published by Horace Liveright, New York.

very few—the fact remains the same; in the common vernacular, I lacked brains to get on and clean up; throughout all the years of an average life-time. I belong with the failures—with the man who is sitting at home tonight after his day's work who knows what his wife, his relatives and friends think: "He is a failure." I'm with this man and the whole army of splendid men and women who wear the ragged badge of defeat. I know that some people are successful who deserve to be, but I am with the unadaptable, the out of luck, the weary with the money-struggle. I am with them, but not sadly, because in my vision of a new world there is going to be a different definition of success.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Correspondence

Were Chatham and Burke Bad Citizens?

Editor of UNITY:

The ground on which the Connecticut judge the other day refused citizenship to Professor Macintosh of the Yale Divinity School is rather amusing when read on our Independence Day. Professor Macintosh, who served faithfully in France during the World War, said, in answering questions that he could not support a government in what he considered an unjust war. The judge said that when war is once on a citizen has no business to discuss the question of its justice or injustice, but simply to support his government; and therefore he denied Professor Macintosh naturalization. He had not as much compunction on the score as even the Chicago Tribune, which has belatedly had qualms of conscience over carrying at the top of its editorial page the notorious old slogan, "My country, right or wrong." It did this regularly for years, impervious to the common criticism; but last winter it "got religion," frankly confessed its fear that it was mischievous, and took it off.

There are few things on which the Fourth of July orators expend more rhetoric than on the great volume of opposition to the American war in 1775 by English statesmen and millions of English citizens. Almost every great Englishman of the period whom we honor, and whom England herself now honors, denounced their government for its course, praised glowingly our rebellious fathers, and gave "aid and comfort" to the enemy in a way which our Constitution pronounces treason, and which Rosika Schwimmer and Professor Macintosh would never dream of. It is doubtful whether we could have won our independence if these sympathizing and outspoken Englishmen had not made the war so unpopular in England and at times almost paralyzed their government. Our very map is dotted all over with Pittsfields and Chathams and Burkes, and Foxboros and the Conways and Graftons and Barres, witnessing to the gratitude of our fathers to the manly and liberty-loving critics of their government, who fought for our cause in Parliament as valiantly as Washington fought at Trenton and Yorktown.

"I rejoice that America has resisted," thundered Pitt in Parliament. Three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves would have been fit instrument to have made slaves of the rest." Our Connecticut judge would have to disfranchise him forthwith; and he would have sent Fox after him for his "treasonable" speech when the news came of Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga, and Horace Walpole who exclaimed on the same occasion, "Thank God, old England is safe!"

Happily we do not have to go to England for examples of backbone and humanity in politics. We have had illustrious illustrations at home. Almost every conspicuous man of brains in New England denounced our war with Mexico from beginning to end; and the leaders of nearly our whole conscientious body, from our two ex-Presidents Grover Cleveland and Benjamin Harrison down, condemned the course of our government with equal energy when we were engaged in the subjugation of the Philippines at the hour when their struggling people had almost won their independence from Spain. Massachusetts should ever be proud that the leader in the Senate of the opposition to this infamy was George F. Hoar; that the leader of the organized popular opposition was the venerable George S. Boutwell; and that when his voice was stilled in death his mantle fell on the chivalric Moorfield Storey. Our judge would have sent them all to jail. Such pronouncements as that of this New Haven lawyer are, thank God, a novelty in this republic of Adams and Jefferson. His petty yardstick would have served no better to measure the citizenship of our fathers than the citizenship of Chatham and Burke.

The United States and England, signers alike of the treaty renouncing war as an instrument of national policy, rejoice unitedly today that their President and Prime Minister are working heroically together for disarmament and a peaceful world, in which readiness to fight will no longer be the mark of patriotism. The last people whom we need to guard against at this hour are the Quakerish folk, who will not kill their fellowmen, and who believe that our "preparedness" should be for peace and not for war.

As we rejoice in the joint effort of the American and English governments for a warless world, let us rejoice with equal gratitude on this anniversary of our independence that we owe that independence so largely to the heroic Englishmen who in our struggle did not bow to the pusillanimous dictum that a people must not ask whether their government's wars are just or unjust; who did not forget that above all nations is humanity, and that besides being Englishmen they were men.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

Boston, Massachusetts,
July 4, 1929.

A Difference of Opinion

Editor of UNITY:

I often read UNITY with mixed feelings. Sometimes with admiration. Sometimes with astonishment at what seems to me its provincial and short sighted viewpoint.

Surely UNITY connotes harmony, but does your paper live up to its name? If so, why so many tilts against England and British rule in India? A task quite difficult enough for the wisest without being subject to pin pricks from critics who are not called upon to sit in judgment upon the domestic affairs of a foreign nation.

Having lived many years in England and under the British flag elsewhere, I can bear testimony like millions of others that for fair play and for minding one's own business England as a nation is excelled by no other peoples.

Here in Africa where we contact Indians day in and day out, we gain a lively appreciation of the profound complexity of ruling a race which proves over and over again its incapability to rule itself. Only the British army stands between India and events which would undoubtedly remind us of the horrors of the latest war.

I had many of UNITY's views before learning from the acid test of actual experience, what is the average Indian's outlook and how antagonistic the average individual of one sect is to the average individual of another. Admiring to the full India's wonderful contribution to Religion and Philosophy, I idealized for a long time the present-day people. Of course, as in every country, India has her saints and splendid people—but as in every country they are the few.

But just let a theorist live among the average and were he not a man incapable of dispassionate thinking I feel sure that his opinion would diametrically change after about a year's time. Truth as an ideal or for daily use is almost unknown to them. Here they exploit both White and Black. In consequence the Blacks dislike them (this is putting it mildly) as much as the Europeans.

A man who has been in Africa for many years, asked various natives of different tribes "what would you do here, were the white man to get out?" "First kill all the Indians," was the cheerful reply. "Then settle our own differences." To understand the Indian's general inability to speak the truth, is sometimes a puzzle.

Some light may be thrown on this problem by the answer of a learned Indian to a well known English writer's question—why it was so difficult to get plain straightforward truth from an Oriental. "Truth is a pearl of great price. Most people are not worthy to receive it. Therefore we withhold it from those who are unfitted to

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

THE ANTI-IMPERIALIST CONGRESS

The Second World Congress Against Imperialism is scheduled to meet in Paris, France, July 20th to 31st. The first congress of the kind in the history of the world met in Brussels, Belgium, in February, 1927.

Many people do not know what "imperialism" means, and therefore are unable to get interested in this Congress. Very short definitions are necessarily defective, but they may be at the same time suggestive. We will essay a few definitions: Imperialism is the dominance of the private money powers of a richer and stronger nation over its foreign policy toward weaker and perhaps poorer nations. Imperialism results from the excess of capital that has grown up in private monopolies. This capital seeks an outlet, just as the excess populations of Germany, Japan and China and England seek outlets. These excess populations of nations have caused wars of conquest against weaker nations. Excessive and aggressive capital also tends to make wars. Imperialism is expressed first in the export of capital. Then there is the inevitable desire to control the countries and localities to which a stronger nation has sent much of its capital: The New York City Bank's interest in Haytian railways and other finances foredoomed the independence of that little black people; our commercial investors have got us interested in controlling Nicaragua, Mexico and Venezuela, although we have not yet been able to so completely subject some of those countries.

European imperialism has tightened its grip on Africa, India and parts of China.

Capital is a more ruthless and relentless invader than mere human beings. Capital is more insidious, less obvious, more corruptive. It comes in, usually, like a blessing, though it may tarry like a blight: The Firestone Rubber Company goes into Liberia to help "develop" it, and money is freer and more plentiful, and the chiefs get graft and grow fatter and more conscienceless and before the average Liberian wakes up, he is in the grip of a new power, soulless and terrible. The Americans carry "good roads" into Hayti and improved oil and mineral production "methods" into Latin America—and we know the result.

The freedom of every weaker people and of every loosely organized nation, like China, is threatened by this marauding capital of the well organized and exploiting powers of Europe and of the United States.

When this capital wrings bigger profits for smaller wages out of foreign peoples, it reacts on the working classes of these powerful nations in lower wages and less liberty. Liberty has been notably losing ground in the United States since we started on our career of "bossing" Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, Hayti, Nicaragua and others.

The workers of the world are therefore beginning to see that they have a common interest against this imperialism. White miners in England are beginning to understand that they are in the same boat with the underpaid brown miners of British India. The under classes of the powers are therefore beginning to see eye to eye with the under classes of the exploited foreign lands, and these anti-imperialist congresses represent the pioneer movement toward further understanding and co-operation.

Of all the exploited peoples in the world certainly the Negroes of both Africa and America belong in this group.

Some people hesitate because a good many Communists are interested in the movement. But others are interested besides Communists. Communists are not the only people who are unwilling to be oppressed and robbed systematically. Of course, Communists consist mainly of poorer classes who would naturally be largely interested in an oppressed class movement. But the movement itself must be judged on its own merits. Fortunately others can see that one does not have to be a Communist to have sense enough to see the virtue of a cause of that kind.

Many people are controlled by their ignorance and get awfully "scarey" about things which they do not happen to understand, whether comets or new social ideas: just as many people do not know what imperialism means, so many have no idea what a Communist is. The mere name becomes a scare-word to them. They do not know that in many great European countries Communists are a more respectable political party than are Democrats in Philadelphia.

The enemy and exploiter and oppressor takes advantage of this ignorance and shouts "Communist" or "Bolshevik," or some such nonsense syllables. And that gets him out of the necessity of having to reason or to answer arguments. He uses scare-words and claptrap instead of intelligence and logic.

Some of us refuse to be frightened. Although I am a Republican (and may God forgive me for it), I have not a closed mind to any ideas that others have to deliver. Neither have I a tied

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receive it and give to them only what is their due," was the reply.

This may apply to the giving of advanced truth to those who from spiritual or mental limitations can not appreciate it,—but when it comes to every day life it can not but lead to increasing confusion—false scales when weighing for the obscure, bad workmanship and general falsifying of facts.

Among the various black tribes here, the Somali is far cleaner, more truthful, more self-respecting than the average Indian and what is more, does not get "a swelled head" if treated as a respected person of his race. Even rich Indians in Africa continue to love dirt and give him an inch and he will take an ell. Do not forget that more than one nation would be quite delighted to take a hand at ruling India—if given the chance. England's rule, in spite of faults of course, seems more and more praiseworthy as one better understands her tremendous difficulties. Any number of improvements she would willingly make are unquestionably thwarted by the castiron conventions and rigid prejudices of the Indians themselves and the worst of it is—none of these conventions are the same. Each sect, with its own pet opinions, fiercely loathes those of the others.

In making haste slowly England has shown her wisdom. Had she speeded up, no doubt terrible disaster would have ensued. May I ask respectfully, why does not UNITY clean up at home? For instance—improve "the impossible American tourists' impossible conduct." They could be educated into being true ambassadors of peace and good will instead of (as now) a source of antagonism—in spite of the trail of dollars left behind them. Why not lead a crusade against bragging and boasting? Against the vulgarity of many church advertisements, intended I suppose, to lead people to the Kingdom of God but causing the thoughtful to believe that Satan—a very vulgar Satan—does really exist. Or a crusade for the production of really well made American goods, which stand wear and tear and last and are worthy of the very attractive booklets, also very polite and charming salesmen who insinuate them upon a helpless foreign public? To say a thing is "American made" is in many places to say it is "cheap and nasty." If there is anything in the Law of Correspondence does not this shoddy and careless workmanship represent a far more serious flaw in character than merely flimsiness in goods?

In these days of international misunderstanding and impatience it would be indeed splendid if UNITY would work for peace with both hands, instead of using one of them against another nation which is doing all it humanly can to be just to those subject Oriental races, so sharply divided against themselves—called India.

H. F. MAURAN.

Sanya Plantation,
Moshi
Tanganyika Territory,
East Africa.

[*Note*: We publish Mr. Mauran's letter, because UNITY believes in free speech, and because this is undoubtedly a sincere expression of opinion, however far removed from our own. We publish it also as first-class evidence of why the Indian wants to get rid of the Englishman who brings to his country, as ruler, such a mind as Mr. Mauran reveals. As for "cleaning up at home," we had always thought that UNITY was pretty active in pointing out the sins of America—some of our readers think much too active!—Editor.]

tongue. I am neither afraid to hear nor to be heard.

I am going to visit this Congress and listen to these people and tell them what I think. Then without fear or favor I am going to write about it and tell just what it is, or seems to be.

WILLIAM PICKENS.

MOORFIELD STOREY

At this time when the many friends of Moorfield Storey in Boston and the country are concerned with deep sympathy over his illness, the following extract from a letter by Edwin D. Mead to the editors of the students' paper at Clark University two years ago will be read with added interest. It was at the time of their spirited protest against the interference by the president of the university with what they considered their legitimate freedom as university students and as Americans. In the course of his careful letter, warmly commending their protest, as a service both to academic freedom and good citizenship, Mr. Mead said:

"Our American people have many virtues, but they are not good kickers; and righteous kicking is often more needed than anything else. In this matter we are far behind the English people, who so often show themselves sturdier and more alert. In politics and religion and the schools, our people too often let things drift, trusting that Heaven will somehow see them through, which is not Heaven's way. In Boston today I know only one man who by a life-time of righteous and resolute kicking conspicuously deserves a monument. I mean Moorfield Storey. Never ill tempered, never bad mannered, never fussy or obtrusive, but never asleep, never behind time, and never mucilaginous in his speech—from the day when he began life as Charles Sumner's secretary to this hour, he has never witnessed any injustice to any body of his fellowmen, white, black, red or yellow, without raising his voice whenever there was rational hope that it would do any good. Today he is as young for liberty as fifty years ago; and I commend his life-long example to you young scholars as in your university and in your youth you sound the note of justice and independence which he has always sounded."

AGAINST WAR

A Declaration by English Congregational Ministers

"Our uncompromising position as to the Institution of War. At present war is an Institution in precisely the same sense that marriage is an Institution, or the church or the school. Society is not organized for peace; it is actively organized for war. The war system has a recognized and protected status in the social order. It is established by custom and recognized as a right. It is fixed in the definite laws of the State and in civilization. Against such an Institution, as our forefathers stood against slavery, we know that we are called to stand. Our position is a definite revolt against such an Institution and a notification that having seen through the system which asks of men every now and again the bloody futility of their sacrifice, we repudiate it, and seek in its place a Supreme Court of Justice and Peace to which all the problems and differences of International life shall be submitted.

"To our mind the Declaration of our Assembly at Newcastle that 'War is a crime against humanity' disposes of our ever condoning that crime.

"We are also delighted that there are overtures from Ministers of other sections of the church and we should welcome the formation and federation of such movements into a National Ministers Crusade."

FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION

Germany

Prize Essay Competition.—The German Women's International League for Peace and Freedom has invited all Berlin school children over twelve years of age to take part in an essay competition on "Unarmed Heroism" or "What Is My Idea of a Peace Hero?" The first five prizes offered are a three weeks' stay in London, Norway, Paris, England, and Czecho-Slovakia. (Der Fackelreiter, March, 1929.)

Greece

Education for Peace.—The higher Board of Education has decided to set essays on World Peace in all the schools and all passages in text books calculated to maintain animosity towards other nations are to be eradicated. Lessons on world peace will be given in the schools. (Neue Zurcher Zeitung, March 18, 1929.)

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